In the halcyon years of American prosperity, many sons of Juan de la Cruz were contracted by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association and then passed over from Hawaii to the United States* mainland, or stowed away in a sea-going vessel outward bound from Manila, Employment could then be found without much difficulty. Especially was it easy to secure a job in the Alaskan canning factories. Also, wages were good. If some blonde siren ensnared the hard-earned coin of the Filipino laborer, what mattered it, for there was another job available and then more money to squander in riotous living. These Jasons drifted back to the old home town without the golden fleece to be sure, but wearing dark woolen suits with an air of assurance. Gradually the suit and the assurance melted away together and soon there was little to distinguish them from their less-travelled brothers.

Gone forever are the fat years. Repatriated Filipinos are arriving in Manila sent back as charity passengers. Many "Pinoys" are without any means of livelihood. Scores of Filipino families are destitute. It is a hand to mouth existence which they eke out, and they are forced to depend entirely on charity.

The impression may inadvertently have been given that all Filipinos in the United States are of a low class. That is not true. Hundreds of Filipino youths have studied or are studying in American schools and many of them are making great sacrifices to obtain educations. Other Filipinos are engaged in business with satisfactory returns.

Also, a well-disciplined lot of young men are found in the United States Navy. But the very enumeration of the relatively prosperous few proves the drab and miserable existence of the rest. Yet remain in the United States the "Pinoys" will, the majority of them, for they are pretty well Americanized